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AN  
ALLEGORICAL MASQUE

IN HONOUR OF  
THE NUPTIALS

OF  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

AND  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

ENTITLED

FREYA'S GIFT

THE WORDS

By J. OXENFORD.

THE MUSIC

By G. A. MACFARREN.

PRODUCED AT THE

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1863.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1863.

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## NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

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MISS LOUISA PYNE and MR. W. HARRISON having purchased this *Work*, with the exclusive acting and singing right, all applications must be made to them in writing for permission to perform or sing the same, or any part thereof.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,

*Tuesday, March 10th, 1863.*

FREYA - - - {The fair-haired Goddess  
of Love and Peace} MISS LOUISA PYNE.

~~~~~  
THE STAGE REPRESENTS THE ENGLISH COAST,  
WHICH IS OVERHUNG BY A DENSE MIST.

THE FOLLOWING

### Chorus

IS SUNG BEHIND THE SCENES.

By a heavy mist is the land oppress'd,  
We are lull'd to quiet that is not rest ;  
Not only 'tis dark to our drooping eyes,  
But e'en on our souls the darkness lies.  
Rise in thy power, thou golden sun,  
Quick this cumbrous mist disperse,  
Which the earth's dull vapours nurse ;  
Let our hearts grow bright  
In thy welcome light.  
Sorrow and cloud will thy presence shun.

*[The mist gradually disperses.]*

A sense of life is waking,  
The dusky veil is shaking,  
Lighter it grows—'tis breaking.

'Tis rent away !

Scarcely do its shreds appear,  
Upon yon sky so clear,  
Behold the day !

*[An extensive view of the sea, bounded by white cliffs, is revealed. Close to the beach are some ancient Danish ships, with grotesque figure-heads. From one of them descends FREYA, THE GODDESS OF LOVE AND PEACE.]*

Gen. Res. 24 June 47 Spencer = 40, in 12 Jan 59 Alington

## Scena—Freya.

Freya, the harbinger of bliss, is here,  
Your drooping hearts to cheer.

Hither I come

From my northern home,

Where lands ever laden with ice and snow,

Warm'd by the flash of my glances glow.

My laugh is the light of Odin's hall;

Love, plenty and happiness come at my call;

Blessings on the earth I pour

In a golden show'r.

Songs of joy I ever sing—

Now, a precious gift I bring—

You, England well can prize its worth—

This fairest Princess of the North,

To whom Walhalla's Gods accord

The pow'r to solace and reward.

She, upon this happy day,

Becomes the bride of one you love with a devotion  
deep,

Changing this early season into May:

Of one, for whom within her heart

Britain a place will keep

Warm, ever glowing,

Next to his royal mother, knowing

The two cannot be lov'd apart.

Accept the gift, let England sigh no more,

But be a merry England as of yore.



## Ballad.

When those you love are smiling near,  
 Then bright becomes the world around ;  
 But when there's nought within to cheer,  
 No outward solace may be found.  
 In search of bliss without alloy,  
 To fancied realms you need not roam,  
 Those who would look for tranquil joy,  
 May find it in an English home.

Fame, wealth, and honour, what are they ?  
 The heart can little feel their worth,  
 Unless 'tis lighted by the ray  
 That beams upon the friendly hearth.  
 At sorrow's sigh—at anger's frown  
 They turn to nought, like scatter'd foam :  
 But priceless are they when they crown  
 A home of joy—an English home.

*[When the ballad is ended, FREYA waves her hand and retires, and a troupe of peasants gaily dressed enter on each side : some execute a rustic dance during the following chorus.]*

## Chorus.

Arouse thee, merry England,  
 With a hearty will and strong :  
     'Tis holiday,  
     Let all be gay,  
 With revel dance and song.

Our England was a merry spot  
 They say in times of old ;  
 And have we all our mirth forgot  
 In seeking after gold ?

No! No! No!

We have not—as we'll show,  
 With a hearty will and strong ;  
 By revel dance and song.

'Twere a heavy shame,  
 Should Britons now  
 Wear a clouded brow,  
 Nor seek to recover the ancient name !  
 This shall be merry England,  
 Yes! merry, merry England,  
 Of which our fathers oft have told—  
 Yes! merry England as of old !  
 Our sovereign bids us rejoice,  
 And the echo shall shout with a loyal voice.

Rejoice, rejoice, &c., &c.

Hail! hail! to the royal pair—  
 Free from trouble, free from care.  
 May their course through life be fair,  
 And all the land the blessings share.

LOVE, attended by PEACE and PLENTY, and preceded by Peasants in holiday attire, is followed by HYMEN ; with him are two Maidens bearing Silken Pennons of ENGLAND and DENMARK.

SPRING, with young Girls carrying flowers, succeeds them ; and MUSIC, POETRY, and HISTORY are among the train.

FREYA is welcomed by BRITANNIA. FREYA gives her "Great Bright Necklace"—emblem of LOVE and PEACE—to BRITANNIA. They entwine the Silken Pennons of the two Nations.

## Hymn.

THE DANISH NATIONAL AIR.—CHORUS.

With shouts of welcome we receive  
 Our Albert's bride ;  
 Long, long among us may she live,  
 A nation's joy and pride.  
 Good angels bless with happiness  
 Our Albert's bride ;  
 And on her head benignant pour  
 Of all delights an ample store,  
 With shouts of joy we greet our Albert's bride.

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## The English National Air.

FREYA.

Heav'n all its bounties shed  
 On royal Albert's head,  
 And guard his bride.  
 Let ev'ry moment prove  
 They are all ills above ;  
 Strong in their people's love,  
 Their people's pride.

## CHORUS.

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen ;  
    God save the Queen.  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
    God save the Queen.  
    Hurrah—hurrah !

CURTAIN.







